medical missionary

Volume XXVI No. 1
JAN.-FEB., 1952

The Medical Missionary

8400 Pine Road
PHILADELPHIA 11, PA.

Volume XXVI Number 1

THE MEDICAL MISSION SISTERS

The Medical Mission Sisters are a religious community devoted to the care of the sick in the missions.

Main Activities

Hospitals, dispensaries, home visiting, leprosaria, training native nurses, training native compounders, maternity and child welfare clinics, establishing native Medical Mission Sisterhoods.

Missions

Africa, India, Indonesia, Pakistan, South America, Southern U. S.

U.S. Houses of the Society

Motherhouse and Novitiate— 8400 Pine Road, Fox Chase, Philadelphia 11, Pa.

House of Studies—6th & Buchanan Sts., Washington 17, D. C.

House of Postulate—4374 Grant Rd., Mountain View, Cal.

THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY *is published with ecclesiastical approbation by The Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries, Inc. in the interest of Medical Missions. Until further notice it will be issued bi-monthly. Subscriptions* $1.00 *per year;* $5 *for 6 years; foreign* $1.25 *per year;* $5.00 *for 5 years. Entered as second class matter September 11, 1928 at the Post Office of Philadelphia, Pa. under the act of March 3, 1879.*

Staff of Medical Missionary
Sister M. Angelica ..... Editor
Sister M. Richard .. Ass't. Editor
Sister M. Sarah ..... Art editor

In this issue

Welcome and Congratulations to Archbishop O'Hara 201

Mind Your Own Business 202
Sister M. Richard, Ph.B.

Mandar's Broken Bones 204
Sister M. Francis, M.D.

Meditations From India 206

Poona Begins 208
Mother Anna Dengel, M.D.

Beyond Civilization 211
Sister M. Laetitia, R.N.

Twi Talk 212
Sister M. Raphael, B. Pharm.

Address To Midwives 213
Pope Pius XII

Meet The People—Effie's Tumor 214
Sister M. Thaddeus, R.N.

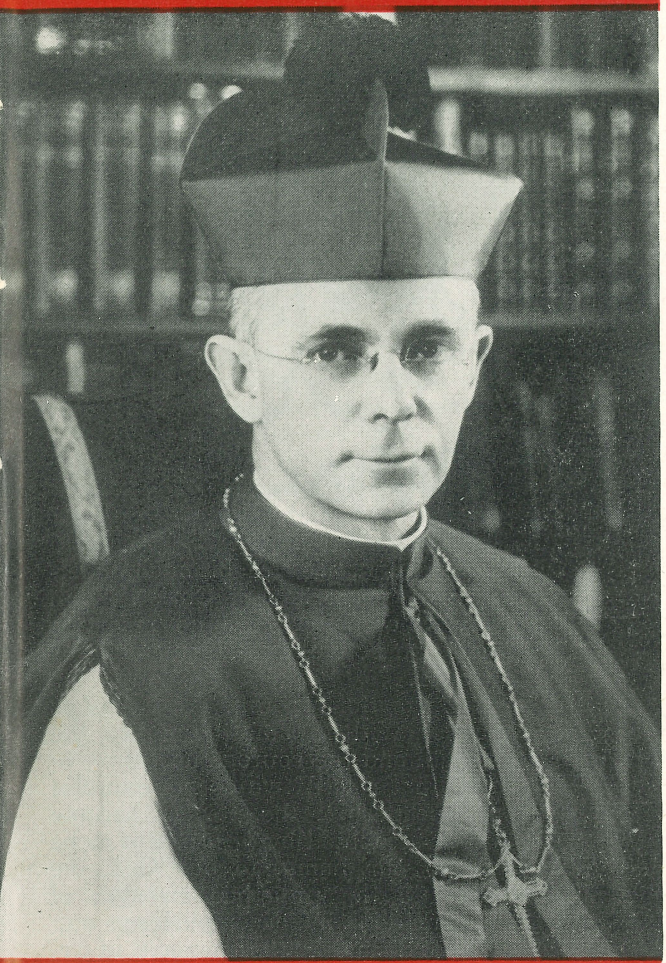
ADVENT—Jean Danielou, A Book Review 216
Sister M. Gerard, M.A.

YOUR WILL . . . .

can help the Medical Mission Sisters bring health and healing to the sick and suffering of mission lands. The following approved form of bequest may be used:

"I *hereby give (devise) and bequeath to the Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries (also known as the Medical Mission Sisters), an institution incorporated under the laws of the State of Maryland, and its successors forever the sum of* $..... *for its general purposes.*"

If you have already made your will, it is not necessary to make a new one. It is sufficient that a codicil be added, using the above form.



photo—Evening Bulletin

Welcome
to our new
ARCHBISHOP
Most Reverend
JOHN F. O'HARA, C. S. C.

Prefect of Religion, University of Notre Dame 1917-34
President, University of Notre Dame 1934
Consecrated Titular Bishop of Mylasa and Military Delegate Jan. 15, 1940
Appointed Bishop of Buffalo Mar. 16, 1945
Appointed Archbishop of Philadelphia Nov. 29, 1951

Congratulations

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS

SR. M. RICHARD, PH.B.

What business is it of yours — this task of establishing the Church throughout the world, placing Christ's teachings within the reach of every soul He redeemed?

One billion souls today are ignorant of the fact that the Son of God came on earth to redeem them. Have you, as a possessor of this knowledge, "the pearl of great price," any obligation to those who know not the "Way, the Truth and the Life?" Must you personally be concerned about the planting of the Church—missions in China, Japan, India and Africa? Are foreign missions any of your business?

If you are a Catholic and have received the Sacrament of Confirmation, the business, the obligation, the privilege of missionary work is yours.

At Baptism, we were incorporated into the Mystical Body of Christ. We were made members of the One Church whose purpose is the salvation of the nations. The members are responsible for the growth of the Church—a growth large enough to include the whole world. Catholic, the very name by which we are called means universal, excluding none. A Catholic then, is one whose interest, love and prayers should embrace the world—a mighty task for the weakness of men. But God provides the wherewithal to accomplish it in the Sacrament of Confirmation.

Confirmation is the Sacrament of spiritual maturity; it makes us adult members of the Church and gives us the grace to act as such. From the time of our reception of this Sacrament, the Church relies upon us to carry out Her Divine mission. At Confirmation, we are branded indelibly as the soldiers of Christ, in an army where there are no reserves. One is an active, fighting member or a traitor.

Confirmation was our ordination as apostles. With it came the ability, the strength and the courage necessary to fulfill that role. If we do not exercise our apostleship, the powers become dull or atrophied by disuse. But to be true to our name, to our God, we must use the untapped strength of Confirmation in accomplishing our duty of bringing the message of redemption to mankind.

How shall this be done? Are there not specialized groups of men and women—missionaries — who devote their lives to the extension of Christ's Kingdom? There are. But every Catholic who has received the Sacrament of Confirmation is an apostle. Every Catholic is responsible for the growth of the Body of which he is a member. Every Catholic who possesses the "Way" is pledged to show it to others. The vast multitude that "sits in darkness and in the shadow of death" knows not the Word of God and how can they know if the Word is not spoken to them? If God gave

you the Light, must you not *give* it to others?

Mark wrote down the command of Christ to "Go into the whole world and preach the gospel to every creature." Those words are not addressed to a few Priests, Brothers and Sisters, but to all who believe in His Name. No one can exclude himself. Baptism presented the task. Confirmation gave the strength to accomplish it. The business is yours. How is it to be carried on? Obviously every member of the Church is not called upon to leave his homeland to labor in the foreign missions. Your apostolate can be exercised here and now. You can be a missionary by carrying Christ in your heart to your home, your office, your recreation, to all your dealings with your neighbor. Be *Catholic* by enlarging the breadth of your interest to include your neighbors across the seas. Regard them not as peoples with strange customs, odd politics or faulty economic systems, but as souls for whom God has bled to death upon the cross — souls, He has commissioned you to bring to Himself. This interest will lead to sincere prayer that Christ's Kingdom may come—soon. Together with the activities of those engaged in missionary labors in the foreign fields, your prayers and sacrifices (the test of love) form the missionary effort of the Catholic Church. One remains incomplete without the other. Both are needed to satisfy the Heart of Christ and to fulfill the mission of His Church — the salvation of all men.

"Stir up the grace of God that is within you" and be about your business.

THE IMPORTANCE OF MISSIONS

With all the more reason, then, does the Catholic Church, most loving mother of all men, call on all her children to be zealous in helping these intrepid missionaries by their offerings, by prayer and by fostering missionary vocations. In motherly fashion she compels them to wear the livery of tender compassion, and to take part, if not in the actual apostolate, at least by zealous cooperation, and not allow the wish of the most loving Heart of Jesus to remain unrealized, Who "came to seek and to save what was lost." If they help in any way to bring the light and consolations of the Faith to one hearth, let them understand that a Divine force has been thus released, which will keep on growing in momentum throughout the ages. If they help even one candidate for the priesthood, they will fully share in all the future Masses and in all the fruits of sanctity and apostolic works that will be his.

Indeed, all the faithful make up one and the same immense family who, as members of the Church militant, suffering, and triumphant, share their benefits with one another. There seems to be nothing more apt than the dogma of the "Communion of Saints" for bringing home to the people the utility and importance of the missions.

Pope Pius XII, November, 1951

Bullock Cart Ambulance

Mandar's Broken Bones

Sr. M. Francis, M.D.

Baby Choki was only three weeks old. Her Ouraon father and mother said that she had fallen off the charpoi (string bed) the night before. She had cried all night and now she cried whenever she was moved. We examined the infant and found she had fractured her right thigh close to the hip. The father didn't want the baby to stay in the hospital so after reducing this fracture caused by falling some 15 or 20 inches, we proceeded to put on a plaster cast. Talk about molasses taffy—well, just try to keep a bone about ten inches long reduced while applying home made plaster bandages and at the same time keep your fingers from being incorporated into the cast!

This was the youngest fracture patient I ever had . . . but Mandar is noted for its fracture cases. School boys form a fair percentage of them. With them it is usually the lower arm or wrist that is broken.

The other day just as we were starting a busy day in the operating room, we heard loud noises and shouting. Our operating room is on the ground floor. Next to it is a small room where the sterilizing is done and some 10 feet from there is a dirt road—a cow path really—that runs along side our grounds.

I unscrubbed and went out. There was a bullock cart with a top over it —reminiscent of the old "Covered Wagon" but much smaller. Numerous men were standing about and there was much shouting. Inside the wagon,

on straw were four men, one or two moaning. Blood streamed down the faces of two. They were the *most* seriously injured victims, from a jeep accident which had occurred several miles down the main road.

In the jeep, traveling 80 miles an hour were eleven men. The car overturned and these four came to the hospital in a bullock cart which perhaps makes 3 miles an hour!

Among them was a fractured wrist, a broken leg, a broken shoulder and several broken ribs. One fellow had had his right ear torn off and it was hanging by the skin at the bottom.

The operating room schedule became more crowded as we set about suturing wounds, reducing the fractures and applying the casts.

Next day when they were able to travel, we sent the fracture patients into Ranchi in an ambulance for X-ray. We can't do our own X-rays here and this is very difficult. The wealthier patients can afford to go into Ranchi, but the poor cannot. Even so, we usually have good results

Green papayas, guavas and mangos are just as enticing to boys out here as the green apples at home, and little boys with broken arms or legs are always coming in to get mended. Last season was especially bad. At one time there were three little boys hospitalized all with arms and both legs broken.

One youngster is especially memorable. He was a lad of ten years named Zabar who had fallen out of a mango tree and broken both legs and both arms. The fracture of the left arm near the wrist was compounded, that is, the skin was broken and the bone was sticking out. The whole wound was very dirty. He had been treated elsewhere and then brought to us. In our operating room the wound was opened widely and thoroughly cleansed. He was given penicillin and tetanus antitoxin.

Next morning at the site of the fracture of the wrist was a small area filled with gas bubbles. Gas-gangrene! Word was hurriedly sent to the boy's father. By eleven o'clock the infection was nearly at the elbow and the boy's temperature was 108 degrees in spite of tourniquet and enormous doses of penicillin. His father finally came at two o'clock and permission for immediate amputation was given. By that time the boy was in coma and the infection was midway up the upper arm.

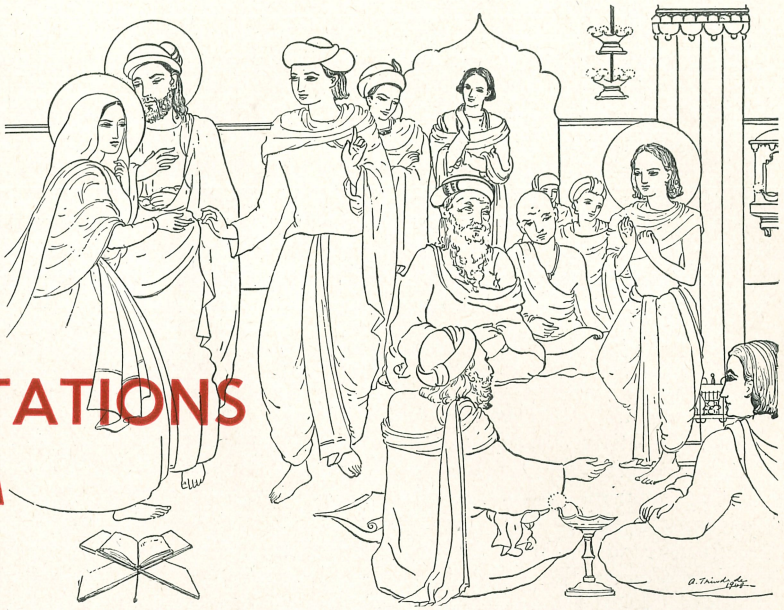
The father and the Sister-Doctor stood at the boy's bedside and talked about the risk of amputation. The child roused and said, "Sister, cut it off," and lapsed back into coma. He was carried to the operating room and under light ether anesthesia, a guillotine operation was performed near the shoulder. Next morning his temperature was down to 102 degrees and after a few weeks he went home.

Tetanus antitoxin is available though very expensive. Gasgangrene antitoxin we can't get. If the boy had had it at the time of his injury, he would probably have kept his arm. Now he was fortunate to be alive.

The tetanus patients we have had lately, have not been fracture cases. In fact any history of injury was completely lacking in the little girl of eight years who got well and went home three weeks ago. Another young woman was twenty days post-partum. She was making a slow recovery on penicillin and minimal doses of tetanus antitoxin when the admi's, that is, the male relatives insisted on taking her home. We think she may recover as she had had ten days of intensive treatment.

In Patna I saw my first case of tetanus neonatorum, i.e. in a newborn baby, due to using cow dung on the cord. One week they had 11 babies with tetanus. They get so many they have a "tetanus routine." Both Patna and Mandar are very overcrowded — buzzing with life and activity, but we all love it.

MEDITATIONS FROM INDIA



THE BOY JESUS TEACHING IN THE TEMPLE *Angela Trindade*

"And when He was twelve years old, they went up to Jerusalem, according to the custom of the feast. And when they had fulfilled the days until they returned, the boy Jesus remained in Jerusalem, and his parents knew it not. And thinking that He was in the company, they came a day's journey, and sought Him among their relatives and acquaintances. And not finding Him, they returned to Jerusalem, seeking Him. And it came to pass that after three days they found Him in the temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, listening to them and asking them questions. And all that heard Him were astonished at His wisdom and His answers."

This scene used to appear wholly miraculous and extraordinary to me, dear Lord. It is hard to picture an American boy of twelve acting in this fashion. Try to picture him, overcoming his shyness and awkwardness to accost voluntarily his religious masters, bishops and prelates perhaps, with questions and explanations, in full view and hearing of everybody. To me this action of Yours appeared like a far-off mural, beautiful but unintelligible, appealing but quite unimaginable, at least to Western minds.

But living in India has changed all that. The Gospel scenes, though attractive and instructive for all peoples of all times, do need to be put in an Oriental setting to shine forth in their full colors and beauty. It isn't a bit queer or difficult to picture an *Indian* boy of twelve under such circumstances. Even to this day, old-fashioned, orthodox Hindu and Mohammedan boys are educated primarily by priests. The wealthy have private tutors, holy men who are part of the household. The poorer ones go to small schools, usually attached to the temples or mosques. There they sit and learn the holy books by heart. Endless repetition and recitation is their method of study. Steeped in tradition and veneration for all that is ancient, they are quite indifferent to explanation,

experiment and adaption to modern times. Religious instruction is the basis of education to the Indian mind.

When You watch the Indian schoolboys of today, do you remember Your own schooldays, dear Lord? All morning long small Ram Babu, his white dhoti tucked up above his knees sits on the mudfloor of the little schoolroom, and repeats the long stanzas of the Vedas and the Gita, under the drowsy tutelage of the guru (holy man.) In the next street Mohamed Ali, just turned twelve and ready to graduate to a man's job, is examined by the maulvi (Mohammedan priest) in the recitation of the Koran. Woe to him if he isn't letter-perfect, with every singsong intonation in its right place! Reading and writing are only incidental, and by no means indispensable in this system of education. Yet Indians are not barbarians. They do study the essentials.

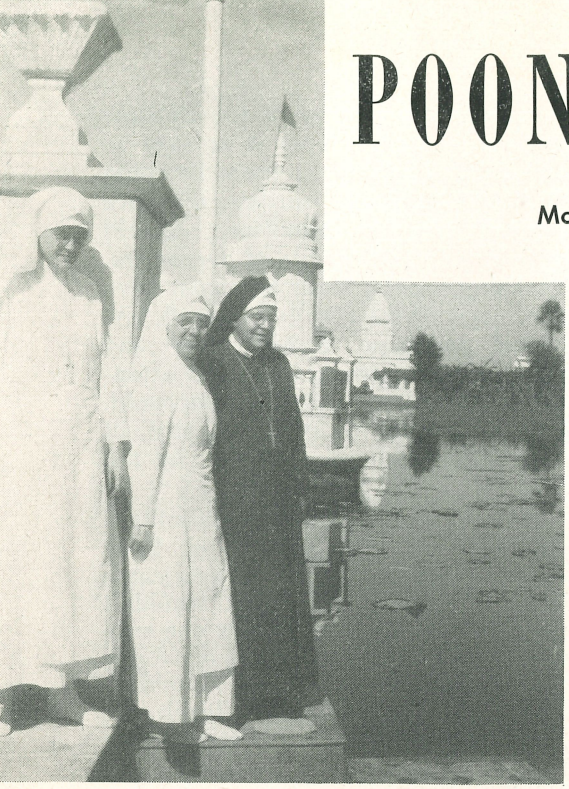
No doubt, You, like all other little Jewish boys, went to the village school of Nazareth, and learned the Books of the Old Testament, the songs and the history of the Hebrew people, by heart. *Now* it is easy to picture You, standing there listening to the doctors and scribes, who are discussing their familiar, age-old problems in the temple of Jerusalem. Teaching boys of Your age must have been part of their daily work. A few adroit questions, a few clear and penetrating answers, and their attention and interest would be captured. Orientals, even to this day, will sit and discuss religious matters by the hour.

How humbly and wisely You fitted Yourself into the scenery of Your day and age, dear Lord! If you came back to India today, You wouldn't need to change Your tactics one particle. Indian village life of today would seem like home to You, dear Christ of twelve years! Teach us, Your missionaries, to understand the people of India, and to make You intelligible to them. They are so close to You; help us make ourselves fit into their lives, so they may get to know You.

Education From The Ground Up! *Three Lions*

POONA BEGINS

Mother Anna Dengel, M. D.



For the first time Indian girls will be given the opportunity to enter our own community and be trained spiritually and professionally as Medical Mission Sisters.

Poona, situated 120 miles from Bombay, India, is the seat of the Bombay government from June to October. It is a city of considerable educational importance—Catholic as well as secular and is the location of our new Indian Novitiate. Mother Dengel was present for the opening on Dec. 9th.

At 8:15 P.M., October 15th, I arrived in Poona according to schedule. Two Jesuits met me with their bus (thinking that I would bring a great deal of luggage, instead I had my 44 lbs. for air travel!)

On the 18th the house was turned over to us for occupation.

On the 19th Sr. M. Vincent and I started out on a shopping tour for the most elementary household things and furniture. Of the latter we had some as I had ordered it to be made for us (but very little).

On Monday, the 21st, even before breakfast, the truck was ready to move the things: washtub full of kitchen and household things, anghities (stoves) with bags of coke and charcoal, tables and chairs, our bags and what not!! By ten everything was in its planned place and the brother knew what little alterations were required to make it possible to function. Sr. M. Vincent put a stew on the stove and it tasted very good indeed. After the Rosary and Compline said on our new priedieus (we have six of them), we retired. After a little while the doors began to bang. We got up to close them. There was a terrible storm which, however, did not last long. Both of us hardly slept.

On October 23rd, we were up early and were hardly downstairs when Father arrived on his motor bicycle. The Father Superior, Rev. Father Geisel, S.J., kindly offered to say Mass for us. He brought his Mass kit—brand new. He had to bless the vestments before putting them on, and as we had no crucifix, we borrowed one from Rev. Mother. Apparently Father heard it, so he brought in a beautiful, brand new one as a present and blessed it.

Just before, Sr. M. Vincent had discovered that our kitchen had been broken into during the night and our brand new things, a tea pot, two cups, and glasses, two plates, forks

and knives, two tea trays, a digchi (small stove) with today's dinner on it (Sr. M. Vincent's delicious stew from yesterday) had been stolen. The lock was broken. It must have occurred during the storm as we did not hear it. Anyhow we were not too worried about it. The fact that we had the great privilege of Mass the very first day, even unsolicited and unexpected, overshadowed everything. Sr. M. Vincent arranged the Mass kit very nicely in the niche of the dining room. To have had Our Lord as guest of the house, already makes it so different. We are really fortunate to have the privilege of Mass in every one of our houses.

The opening day has come and gone. It was really very simple and impressive. On the 8th, we had the Blessed Sacrament reserved. Sr. M. Cyril, Sr. M. Hedwig and Sr. M. David arrived from Hyderabad by train in the morning and after a little refreshment and rest, pitched right in to help us fix the altar on the front porch.

It really looked very nice. Several people contributed to make it so. One lady loaned us drapes, and the mother of a future postulant sent us flowers; the Fathers provided all the vestments, monstrance, etc. Brother Engel saw to all that. We also have another very good friend, Father Haefels, S. J., who provided 200 folding chairs and transportation for the guests. He drove the busses himself. The cleaning up of the grounds had gone on for months—but it looked nice in the end. We have only one mali and he has to do so many other things, it proceeded slowly. There was no worry about the weather, because at this time of the year there is no fear, or I should rather say, no chance of rain. The sunshine is glorious. The temperature drops from 20 to 30 degrees at night.

Catholic College Students
Patna, India

On December 9th, we had Mass as usual. The opening was scheduled for 5 p.m. The busses, cars and tongas came about 4:50. The people filled the two front lawns completely. We had 198 chairs and some of the men were standing, so we had at least 220 people!!—quite a number of priests, brothers, and the Jesus and Mary nuns. His Lordship, Bishop Andrew D'Souza came very punctually.

After vesting, he proceeded to bless the grounds. He was preceded by a cross bearer and two acolytes. The people followed reciting the rosary. He then blessed the house accompanied by Very Rev. P. Geisel, S. J., the Superior Regular, and Rev. Father G. Baader, the parish priest. I had to lead the way to show the rooms. In the parlor, His Lordship blessed the crucifix which was then placed on the wall. The chapel was blessed last. Then His Lordship gave an address in which he spoke of the age-long interest of the Church for the sick and all in distress—that even non-Catholics appreciated and admired the works of mercy. Both the spiritual and scientific elements are needed for our work—but that the

spiritual is more important. He said that this institution had a great future in this land. He expressed the hope that tens, and hundreds, and more, will go out from this house prepared and fortified spiritually for the self sacrificing life—serving God in the sick and distressed. He asked the people to pray for this undertaking and to take a practical interest in promoting vocations.

He then gave Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament, assisted by the Rev. Father Geisel and Rev. Father Baader. It was a very solemn moment—feeling the blessing of God descending on the novitiate and the union with so many who had promised to pray for us very specially on our opening day.

After Benediction I said a few words at the request of the Bishop. It gave me a chance to express our gratitude and appreciation to His Lordship and all concerned, and to say a few words of the purpose and present status of the Society, and ask all to pray the Lord of the Harvest for us, and to help actively as the Bishop had exhorted. Then I expressed the hope that this Novitiate would make it possible to have more Catholic hospitals in India. For their fewness, only about 50, there are many reasons—one of them, the lack of enough opportunities for young women to devote themselves to the care of the sick. We received letters from many of the hierarchy and also one from His Excellency, Most Reverend Leo Kierkels, C.P., Apostolic Delegate, welcoming the establishment of the Indian Novitiate and blessing the undertaking. In conclusion I read a letter from His Eminence, Cardinal Fumasoni-Biondi, in which he conveyed the blessing of the Holy Father to the Indian Novitiate.

Afterwards the guests slowly dispersed and the Bishop and the clergy had light refreshments while we entertained the Jesus and Mary nuns. It was really a great concession on their part and a token of special sisterly interest that they came.

What is so nice here is that we have something from every house—everybody contributed what they could. Even Mary Giri sent us lovely vases and some handmade cushion covers. The chapel is very, very simple with its temporary altar. We do not have much, but we can function. For cooking, we have a small electric stove and a kerosene one. We expect a real stove soon.

Many thanks for all the letters, prayers, good wishes and contributions.

Anna Dengel

PENICILLIN FACTORY IN INDIA

A joint WHO-UNICEF agreement was signed with India for a penicillin factory to be set up in Poona (Bombay), to be owned and controlled by the Indian Government.

UNICEF will supply all required imported equipment at a cost of $850,000 and the Indian Government will distribute the equivalent of that amount in penicillin free to children and pregnant mothers. Necessary foreign technical assistance will be provided by WHO. This agency will also arrange for the training of Indian personnel at an approximate cost of $350,000 and will award fellowships for advance training in the operation plant.

Production expected to begin in December, 1953 with a monthly capacity of about 400,000 mega units will reach an anticipated output of 750,000 by 1955.

From India News Bulletin—
Aug. 10, 1951

BEYOND CIVILIZATION

SR. M. LAETITIA, R.N.

The road petered out, but undaunted by the mere absence of a road the Medical Mission Sisters drove gaily onward. The ground was packed hard along a path which ran through primeval forest. Huge trees towered overhead, brightly-colored flowers gleamed high among the branches, orchids hung from the trunks, screeching parrots flew against the sun, while gaily-colored tropical birds of varieties unknown to the Sisters hardly bothered to get out of their way.

"Isn't this the region where the Indians carry poisoned bows and arrows?" whispered one of the Sisters.

"Poisoned arrows, yes, I don't know about the bows," laughed one of the others.

"This path is getting a bit rocky. I wonder if we ought to go on?" murmered one of the back-seat drivers.

"Oh, it is so lovely and so primitive. I wonder if white men were ever here before? I just hate to turn back," said the Sister-driver.

On and on they went penetrating many miles into the forest and . . . splash went the front wheels into a concealed mud-hole. "Now what?"

The passengers got out and pushed and the driver stepped on the gas. Nothing happened. It was late afternoon and . . . "Looks as though we shall be here until Kingdom come!" anxiously said a small voice.

"Don't worry, Sister, the Lord will take care of us," said a braver soul.

"Look, Indians!"

"Man power, now we shall get out of our hole," exclaimed the Sister behind the wheel in a relieved voice.

It was like a scene from the movies, a band of Indians dashing through the trees on small, wiry horses, and six Sisters gathered around a stalled car, staring in their direction.

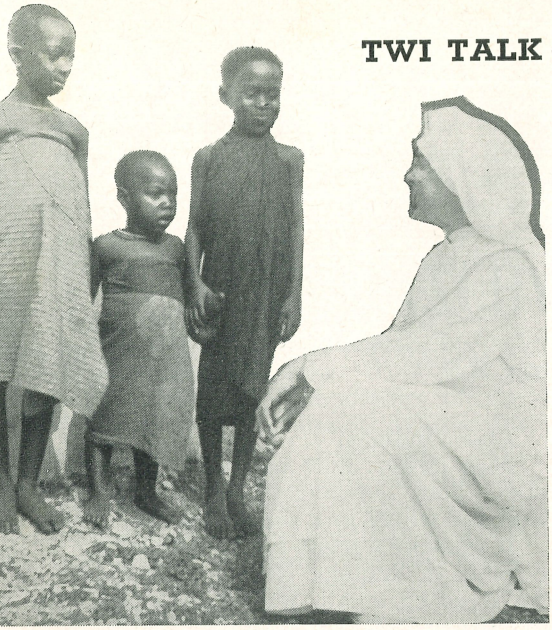
"What is the matter?" asked the chief as his horse reared at the sudden stop.

"Stuck in the mud!"

In a flash he was off his horse and pulling out his machete, a heavy, double-edged knife, as sharp as a razor, about three feet long, he ran to-

(Continued on inside back cover)

Sister Housekeeper Goes To Market



Yaa, Kwadwo, Afia Kraa and Sr. M. Camillus

TWI TALK

Twi is the basic language spoken by the principal tribes, in the Gold Coast, B.W., Africa.

NEXT SIZE

NEXT SIZE

NEXT SIZE

SISTER M. RAPHAEL, PH.G.

Holy Family Dispensary has had another staff upheaval . . . a minor calamity. Our dishwasher quit again. To understand the severity of the situation, one must understand the difficulties of labor in casteless Africa. Generally a worker operates within a closely defined sphere of activity. A perfect example and a pertinent one: our cook will cook, but will not wash the dishes. To meet this difficulty we have had whole strings of more or less successful little boy dishwashers. Kwabena Nsia quit at the time Sr. Margaret Mary left for the U. S. (purely coincidental). Then we got Kwasi Nuro. He lasted six weeks. He had no particular objections except that the setup savored too much of work.

When Kwabena quit we decided to try to be independent, and wash our own dishes. But with our dispensary work as irregular as it is, we are lucky to get to meals on time, much less have time afterwards to wash up. We tried for a week. Usually one or none of us was left to finish. So we bowed to local circumstances and once again looked for a dishwasher.

The difficulty is the aversion that the men have to work. Work is fitting for women and children. But the nearer male children approach manhood, the more unwilling they are to work. This time we decided to get a young male child.

Yaa Adoma is a nice little girl who helps Sr. Raphael in the pharmacy. She makes paper bags for the tablets, cuts tablets, fills bags with aspirin and atabrine, etc. and makes herself very useful. As she comes from a family of eleven children, we decided to try for a dishwasher from among her many brothers (or sisters, if necessary). Said Sr. M. Camillus: "Get Kwadwo Fordwo (pronounced Kojo Fojo). He is big enough to wash dishes, and not so big that he thinks himself a man." The other Sisters were skeptical; as they remembered Kwadwo he was *very little*. That noon, Yaa brought Kwadwo around for an interview. He was all dressed up in a print cloth, slung over his shoulder like a little man, (100% more clothes than he usually wears). But for all that he was much too small. We had a good laugh though. Sr. M. Raphael measured him against the refectory table; his nose barely cleared the top. He can't be much more than five years old. He

would have had one advantage of being able to take a shortcut under the table, when clearing the dishes. But in most countries he would be considered a minor. So we sent him home with a piece of candy, and told him to re-apply in three or four years. He did not know what it was all about, but went off very pleased with the candy.

Yaa was then asked to bring the next size available. Next size is Afia Kraa. She seems to be satisfactory. She is about a year younger than Yaa. Her mame is pleased to have the two girls with the Sisters. But mame came this morning to ask the Sisters if they would also teach the girls something useful, for example sewing. The difficulty is that every girl is trained by her mother to cook, carry water, and work on the farm. As soon as small children are able to handle a cutlass, they are taught to collect firewood. And even the smallest toddler will carry a few sticks home, with the older children and women, from farm. The girls' mother is afraid that they will not be prepared for their married life—for of course, every African girl must be prepared for the time when she will have her own family.

And mame's point is very true. She considers it a great advantage for the girls to be with the Sisters—and approves of Yaa learning to help in the dispensary, and eventually learn simple nursing. But what good will that be for them to keep their own house? So whether we consider the illiterate African girl, or the educated one, the question remains the same, . . . (as does also our dishwasher problem.)

ADDRESS TO MIDWIVES

PIUS XII

But your apostolate is chiefly concerned with the mother. There is no doubt that the voice of nature speaks to her heart and fills it with the desire, the joy, the courage, the love, and the will to look after the child. Yet, in order to overcome cowardly suggestions, whatever form they take, this voice needs to be strengthened and assume a supernatural tone. It is you who, more by your whole manner of being and doing than by words, must help the young mother appreciate the greatness, the beauty, the nobility of that young life forming and living within her womb, born of her, carried in her arms and fed at her breast. In her heart and eyes you must see that there is a reflection of the great gift of the love of God for her and her child. In Holy Scripture there are numerous examples echoing the prayers of supplication and the hymns of joyous thanksgiving of many a mother who, after having implored for so long with tears in her eyes for the grace of becoming a mother, has been finally heard. And the very labor, which, after original sin, the mother must suffer to bring her child into the world is nothing but another bond drawing mother and child even closer. The more pain it cost her, the more a mother loves her child.

Marriage, Morals, and Medical Ethics

By Rev. Otis F. Kelly, M.D. and Frederick L. Good, M.D.
P. J. Kennedy and Sons,
New York, 1951, PP. 202, $3.50

It is a sad commentary on the moral tone of our times that the Pope has had to condemn so forcefully within the past two years, the sins committed by married people. The publication of "Marriage, Morals, and Medical Ethics" could not have been more timely. The two authors of this volume combine the specialized knowledge of three fields—the priesthood, medicine and psychiatry — to give accurate, concise, and morally correct information on the physical and spiritual aspects of marriage and parenthood. The language of the book sacrifices neither clarity, delicacy nor precision in discussing matters within its scope. It will serve as a handbook for all—priests and laypeople—interested in preserving the integrity of Christian marriage.

Sr. M. Jacob, in charge of our Catholic Colored Clinic, Atlanta, Ga.

EFFIE'S TUMOR

SISTER M. THADDEUS, R.N.

The author and two young patients

To most of us at the clinic it was just another Tuesday morning, but to one Effie Giles it was a very special day. This was her first visit to see a doctor and more startling still, her first contact with the "Katlick Church." She was familiar with the classic stories inoculated in certain circles about priests and nuns; also the dark designs of the Pope to control the world had been made known and emphasized to her.

Still and all, Effie had come, hoping for the best, expecting the worst and prepared to resist unto death any strong arm methods of conversion the Sisters might have up their long sleeves. Effie was from a small town south of Atlanta. Among other fears on this particular morning was the fear of getting herself lost in the big city, so it was with great relief that she sighted the Catholic Colored Clinic sign and followed the ladies into the waiting room. Once inside she rather wished she had gotten lost after all.

There was one of them—sitting at the desk "uniform crisp" and lookin' like she was posin' for one them holy pitchas!!

The personage undergoing Effie's scrutiny looked up and cut the analysis short by making a cheerful observation about the weather and motioning Effie to a chair to the right of the desk.

Fear bowed out to curiosity as Effie answered the questions put to her,

and studied every detail of the "Sister"—from tip to toe—as the latter wrote her answers down. Name, address, age and several other bits of information were given. Then Sister handed her a blue card, with the admonition to hold on to it, and bring the card back whenever she came to the clinic because the number on the card corresponded to the number of the card that would be kept on file for Effie Giles.

Well, that wasn't so bad. Sister seemed nice enough, although not very bright. Effie had been asked to spell almost everything, even her last name, and the Lord knows "Giles" is as easy as pie to spell. After repeating her last name three times, with laudable patience Effie condescended to Sister's request and spelled out "G-I-L-E-S." Then magnanimously she pronounced it for the fourth time; a little louder than the previous three, because obviously sister was hard of hearing, "Gahles" — "Effie Gahles"—simple as pie!!

One by one the names of ladies around her were being called and each one followed another Sister into a small room—and the door was closed! Oh! Oh! here it is, probably there would be all kinds of papers to sign promising to join up with the "Katlick Church"—or maybe . . . Effie's imagination conjured up many fascinating scenes. She was just in the middle of a mental melodrama featuring herself sitting unafraid and unflinching on an iron stool with a Sister standing over her—threatening her—

"Effie Giles"—"Effie G—"

"That's me"—

"Come in, Effie, is it hot enough for you this morning?"

"Yes um," said Effie, forgetting the frigid air she had planned to assume. Then, before she knew what was going on, Effie heard herself telling all the little things that had worried her for a long time—How that "swimmin' in the head" comes on, brings with it the "blind staggers"—(an encouraging nod from Sister refreshes her m e m o r y — momentarily paralyzed with fear) and she recalls the low-down misery in her back, and the way she keeps gaining weight even though the food doesn't take to her stomach. Symptoms are rolling glibly from her tongue, and the climax is reached with her own diagnosis—Effie just knows she has cancer!

Next stop is the doctors' office and no doubt therein, her own diagnosis will be certified. At this point Effie is no longer afraid. She has seen no evidence of baseball bats. The Sisters treated her like — well, like a white lady, and she is feeling mighty good, for a lady with cancer.

"Effie Giles"—there goes her calling card, and Effie eases into the doctor's office — and sits fascinated while he listens to her complaints, all the while nodding her assent.

She then is told to follow Sister (the one who can't spell—or maybe she's just hard of hearing) into another room where the doctor will examine her. It's taking these folks a long time to confirm her cancer conviction, but Effie is feeling indulgent toward the whole outfit, Sisters, Church and all, so she obediently tags along.

"Is it a big cansuh—Doctor?"

"You haven't got a cancer, Effie."

"No Cansuh!! sure-nuff???"

"You haven't even got a Fibroid tumor."

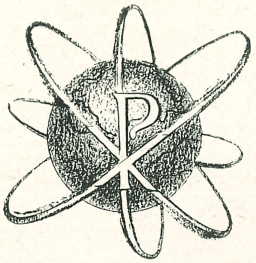
"No Fahball tuma!??"

"I should say not! Go home and tell that husband of yours there will be a little darkey along any day now to help him pick the cotton."

"Halleluja! Lawd! Yassuh — You don't say! Much obliged Sistah!"

R. I. P.

Miss Barbara Barclay Carter, London, England
Mr. Eldon Imhoff, Davenport, Iowa
Miss Delia E. McGreevey, Baltimore, Maryland
Robt. J. Snyder, M.D., Philadelphia, Pa.



Words are the expression of our thoughts. We use them to communicate what is in our minds to others. Christ, the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity came upon earth to communicate the love of the Godhead for man hence He is referred to as the Word of God. Words have an apostolate to carry out. They must forever convey Christ's message of love.

We offer the following book review whose words will contribute much to the reader's understanding of the mission of the Word of God.

ADVENT – Jean Danielou

A Book Review

Father Danielou is no stranger to the American reading public. The appearance last year of his *The Salvation of the Nations* (Sheed and Ward) established him as one of the most popular of our modern Catholic authors. No wonder. The French Jesuit (and Rosemary Sheed does an excellent translation work) has the happy faculty of combining depth with readability, of being at one and the same time a scholar (he is Professor of Patristics at the French Catholic Institute in Paris) and a man close to his times, capable of bringing the wealth of his scriptural knowledge to his readers in the modern idiom. Father Danielou is always solid without ever being stuffy. Hence, his popularity.

His latest work, *Advent,* might well be considered an epilogue to his first book, or at least a variation on the same theme. And the theme can well afford to be played on, admitting as it does of many aspects. The theme is this: that there is a *sacred* interpretation of history, or to use Father Danielou's own happy phrase, "There is in history a furrow made by God." The entire burden of his writing strives to make modern man conscious of God's "furrowing" His way through the secular history of nations, making it sacred by His holy interventions. From the "First Precursors" to the last and greatest of them all, John the Baptist, God is forever "coming" into the affairs of men and directing them, "suaviter," to His own ends.

This is the meaning of the title, *Advent.* It suggests that God's "Coming" into the lives of individuals and of nations is not only seasonal (though the Church makes us more beautifully aware of the daily fact during her Advent cycle), but a perpetual recurrence, beginning with the promise made to Abraham, manifested by the fulfilment of that promise in Christ, and pointing toward that final "Second Coming" for which the whole Church, indeed the whole world, yearns. "*Come,* Lord Jesus."

The missionary import of the book is obvious enough; and such chapters as "The Missionary Meaning of the Cross" and "The Ascension and Missionary Expansion" only bring into greater relief what is the overall impression of the book: the urgent necessity of the Church's "Advent" in all the cultures of the world in order that Christ may draw *all* things to Himself in the universal embrace of His Cross. Particularly noteworthy is the role Father Danielou assigns to the Blessed Virgin in this missionary Advent of the Church. She it is who is preparing non-Christian lands

for the coming of her Son, just as she was the Gate through which He first came into the world. The fact that there has been a remarkable "emphasis on Mary" in our century augurs well for the future, and is—Father Danielou is convinced — "an ernest and a promise that the Holy Spirit is coming soon, that the infidels will be converted, . . . that there will be unity among Christians." Such a conviction is the fruit of Christian Hope which ripens in the souls of those who recognize that, despite man's gross infidelities, God keeps His promises. And He has promised that Christ's Kingdom will be established "from the river unto the ends of the earth."

Sister M. Gerard, S.C.M.M.

Spreading the Word of God is the special function of the Catholic Press. February has been designated as Catholic Press month in order to remind Catholics to pray for, read and support their Catholic press.

Beyond Civilization (from page 211)
wards the Sisters. For the moment it wasn't clear what was going to happen. It looked as though heads might be rolling around in a few seconds. The Chief shouted something in Matilone to the others and they sprang off their horses, long knives flashing in the sun.

"Stew pot for us," said one of the Sisters.

The Chief darted towards a banana tree, six pairs of interested eyes intently following every moment. One blow from his knife and down came the tree. At least they could not cook stew on a fire made from a green banana tree! In no time at all, the trunk was cut up into neat little pieces, wedged underneath the wheels and the band of Indians pushing the car onto dry land.

The Chief was charming. His Spanish was fluent, certainly better than that of the Sisters.

Satisfied that everything was all right now, the Indians sprang onto their horses and in a moment had disappeared among the trees. "Weren't they lovely!" exclaimed the six as they sped homewards. Imagine anyone being *frightened* of them.

READ YOUR CATHOLIC PRESS

MILLIONS WISH THEY COULD

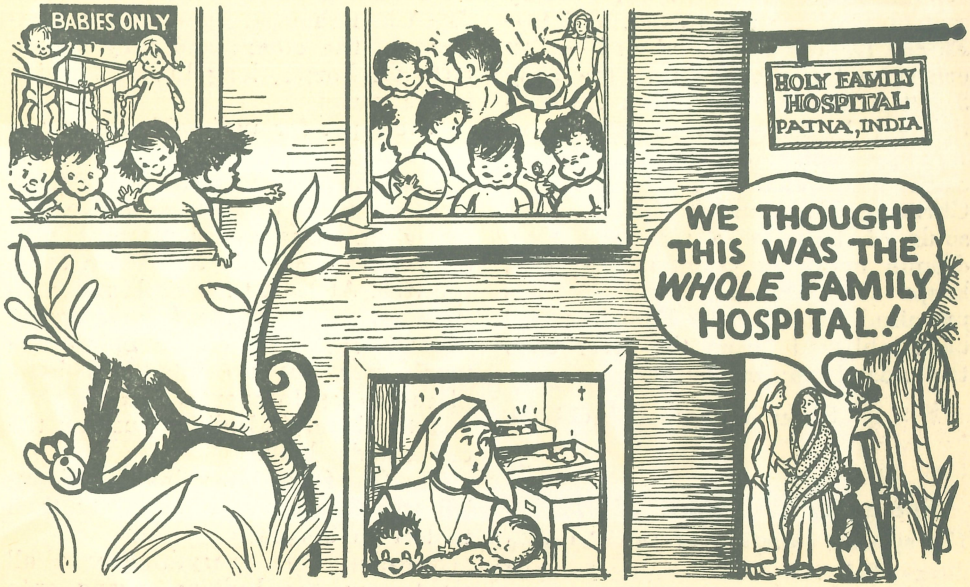
Kindly send THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY to:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ **Zone** ____ **State** _____

MEDICAL MISSION SISTERS
8400 Pine Road, Fox Chase, Phila. 11, Pa.
U. S. $1.00 for 1 year; $5 for 6 years
Foreign: $1.25 for 1 year; $5.00 for 5 years



Dear St. Joseph:

There must be some misunderstanding—or perhaps we just didn't tell you the WHOLE story last month. A new baby's wing in Patna is fine, but is it possible that your plans do not include the mothers and fathers also? Where will they go? The fact is St. Joseph, the new Holy Family Hospital must be for the WHOLE FAMILY. We can't say "no" to anyone.

Please clarify this with your friends, St. Joseph. They have been so generous with the baby's wing. If you would tell them about the line of sick, pain-stricken, men and women waiting to get in the old hospital, they would see the urgency of making new Holy Hospital a WHOLE FAMILY hospital.

WHOLLY-yours,
MOTHER ANNA DENGEL, M.D.

ARE YOU A FRIEND OF ST. JOSEPH?

Dear Mother Dengel,

Here is my contribution $_____ for your WHOLE FAMILY hospital in Patna.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone ____ State _____